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The Lost Continent—Sunk Without a Trace.

It is now opportune to congratulate the Department of State and the Wilson Administration upon a stroke of diplomacy as brilliant in conception as it was swiftly successful in practical results.

There is no longer need of speculation about the prime motive impelling Mr. LANSING to make public the underground services rendered to Germany by Swedish officials, or to wonder why our Government has omitted to make a direct issue with Sweden concerning the performances of some of her representatives.

Sweden's relation to this business is almost negligible in view of the larger aspects of the case and the larger things accomplished by Mr. LANSING'S well timed disclosures.

The Secretary of State had the wit to perceive his great opportunity, and he had elbow power wherewith to strike when the iron was hot.

He saw and he struck. German intrigue was busy in South America cultivating what seemed almost the only remaining field for friendly neutrality in the present and commercial amity and extensive and profitable trade relations after the war is over. South America was Germany's last chance; at least on this side of the globe.

What has happened? Well, we are all beginning to understand, as the returns come in from Argentina, from Uruguay, from Paraguay and from other parts of Latin America where the exhibition of Germany's insolent duplicity has aroused bitter and lasting resentment. Sweden has lost some of her reputation, but Germany has lost a continent.

Atlantis itself has not more completely disappeared than has South America from the map of Germany's potentialities of possession and commercial exploitation.

The Monitor and Its Makers.

The publication recently in THE SUN of an editorial article comparing the action of Mr. GODFREY L. CABOT of Boston in providing means for the construction of a torpedoplane upon the plans devised by Admiral FISKE with the public spirited action of Mr. C. S. BUSHNELL of New Haven in furnishing the money for the building of the Monitor in 1861 has produced a number of interesting communications from citizens of Troy, N. Y., who claim that an injustice has been done their city. They point out, and with entire truth, that the Hon. JOHN A. GRISWOLD and JOHN F. WINSLOW, Trojans both, and large manufacturers, for the time, of iron plates, were equally interested with Mr. BUSHNELL and shared alike his enthusiasm and his willingness to back his faith with his funds.

Mr. BUSHNELL, indeed, frankly acknowledged the assistance of these Trojans. To many minds it would seem that the appearance of the Monitor at Hampton Roads that March day in 1862 was the result of a series of occurrences which could only have been ordained by divine mind intent on shielding the United States from a great danger.

The Monitor was not originally designed for the United States service. When BUSHNELL, encountering obstacles at Washington with the design of an ironclad he was offering, turned for advice to the Swedish engineer JOHN ERICSSON, the latter approved his plan, but

"produced a small dust covered box, and placed before me the model and plan of the Monitor, explaining how quickly and powerfully she could be built, and exhibiting with pride a medal and letter of thanks received seven years previously from NAPOLEON III."

The ship indeed had been designed for use in the Franco-Russian war, but the design was completed too late for service. The model had been shelved and almost forgotten. BUSHNELL was "perfectly overjoyed" with it. Seizing the model and abandoning for ever his own—he pursued Secretary WELLES to Hartford. The Secretary too was enthusiastic. At this point the cooperation of Messrs. GRISWOLD and WINSLOW was obtained, and through them letters of introduction to President LINCOLN. At an informal conference at the Navy Department the President manifested the utmost interest in the device, and remarked quaintly as he held the pasteboard model in his hand:

"All I have to say is what the girl said when she stuck her foot in the stocking. It strikes me there is something in it."

After a meeting of the full Naval Board the following day BUSHNELL went to his hotel "sanguine of success," but soon found that naval sentiment was hostile. Rushing back to New York, he brought ERICSSON personally to the scene, and the fire and enthusiasm of the inventor resulted in a grudging contract being awarded by which the Government undertook to accept one vessel on trial, the builders to guarantee success or all money advanced by the Government to be refunded. One hundred days were allowed for the completion of the vessel. In fact, ERICSSON himself writes:

"The Monitor was brought under fire of the enemy's guns at Hampton Roads before the last instalment of the contract had been paid."

On the day of the trial trip all went wrong. Neither engine nor steering gear worked properly. One newspaper dubbed the craft Ericsson's folly, called the inventor a schemer and denounced the Navy Department for wasting the substance of the country. The naval authorities wanted to put the vessel back in dry dock and install a new rudder. The inventor refused. "The Monitor is mine," he cried, "and I say it shall not be done. Put in a new rudder? They would waste a month at that."

In fact he made the needed corrections in three days. Had the Department had its way the ship would never have reached Hampton Roads in season to be of service. Throughout the construction of the ship the Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, who represented the Navy Department in its relations with ERICSSON, was querulously doubtful of its success, constantly criticising and continually warning of the rapid expiration of the period allotted for construction. "I shall demand heavy forfeiture for delay over the time of construction," he wrote on one occasion by way of encouragement.

Completed on time, it was at first planned to send the Monitor to New Orleans. Had this been done the story of Hampton Roads would never have been written. But the alarming news of the approaching completion of the Merrimac changed that and resulted in the orders that gave "ERICSSON'S folly" the opportunity to revolutionize the naval architecture of the world. For all concerned with it there is glory enough, and THE SUN is glad to add to Mr. BUSHNELL'S name those of the worthy Trojans, WINSLOW and GRISWOLD, to the defence of whose memories their townsmen have so loyally come.

Seventy-five Cent Butter.

The horrible threat of butter at 75 cents a pound does not give us gooseflesh. It is scheduled to arrive, we read, about December 1. The conspirators are said to rely on the heavy export demand to sustain the price. There is also a heavy export demand for stories of American food hardships. This demand comes almost wholly from Germany.

Let butter soar. Obeying the injunction of Mr. HOOVER we shall use other fats in cooking and gild the frying pan, tying a red ribbon about its handle and hanging it up on the wall in the style of decoration affected in the late '80s and early '90s. We may eat our breakfast rolls unbuttered, just as they do in the best circles abroad. We may spread our slice of bread at supper time with jam made of the quinces now ripening. We may, going furtively to the back door of the grocery, buy a pound of margarine. We may leave the butter, so golden in color and value, off the corn fritters, thus for the first time actually tasting the corn. On hominy and Injun pudding we shall pour a little gravy.

Butter? Churn it in a silver churn and export it in lieu of gold.

Mr. Hoover's Restless Mind.

A many sided man is Mr. HOOVER. We trace back his career through his fight for food conservation, his magnificent service to struggling Belgium, and his most practical and helpful labor in retrieving the trunks of luckless tourists left on the baggage platforms of European railroads when the great god Mars commandeered all the luggage vans. Prior to that the public knows of him only as a successful mining engineer with a taste—most sternly reprobated by Senator REED—for living in London.

But it seems that he has in the moments of leisure, which by some amazing hocus pocus he snatches for himself from the intervals of a life as busy as the traditional bee's, found time to be a bibliophile and a distinguished Latinist as well. A few Americans have seen the princely edition of the "De Re Metallica" by GEORGIUS AGRICOLA, to the translation and editing of which this amazing American gave five years of his leisure moments—admitting the while that it had no particular practical value.

AGRICOLA—in truth a German, by name GEORG BAUER—lived and wrote in the early days of the sixteenth century. He wrote mainly on geology, mining and metallurgy, using the Latin language, and even translating his own name into its Latin equivalent. For 180 years the work which Mr. HOOVER translated—and which bears on its title page the name of LOU HENRY HOOVER in addition to his own—had no rival in its field. It was translated early into German and Italian, but not into English until Mr. HOOVER undertook that task. The information it contained had by that time become archaic, and Mr. HOOVER'S task, which included a painstaking reproduction of the ancient typography and illustrations, and the translation of AGRICOLA'S Latin into a clear and readable English, was a work of pure scholarship.

Possibly in his long hours of leisure between the trifling tasks of regulating prices of wheat, flour, meats, milk, coal and fuel Mr. HOOVER might refresh his restless mind by dashing off a few translations from the Chinese classics.

The ——s in Action.

The ——s have gone into action. They are a family, not a regiment. Their name cannot be given here because the names of all units, even the smallest, must be withheld. Nor is it possible to distinguish them by a sobriquet. Were they to be referred to as the Fighting ——s the German intelligence office would say, "Oh, yes, the Fighting Flanagans." And a mention of the Ready ——s would bring prompt comment, "So the Ready Roosevelts have taken the field. And they think to disguise it!"

The ——s, just the ——s, will have to do. Perhaps we can get around the difficulty by using first names. Besides the father and mother there are three boys—JOHN, GEORGE and JOSEPH—and two girls, MARY and JANE. None is married, but MARY is betrothed. She was to have been married, but her affianced does not wish to appear to be a slacker. So he is waiting until he has been certified for the National Army. Then there will be a quiet home wedding with no rice thrown, because rice is a foodstuff and Mrs. —— is a member of the food administration.

While the wedding is necessarily delayed preparations for it are going forward at a great rate. MARY'S trousseau is nearly completed and the bridegroom is not buying any, expecting to receive one from the quartermaster's department at Camp Upton. JANE, who will play the wedding march, is having trouble. Most of the wedding marches were written by enemy aliens and are obviously unsuitable at the marriage of her sister to an American soldier. Probably she will select one of Mr. SOUSA'S compositions. If she cannot find a piano arrangement the phonograph will have to play it, it being obviously impossible to hire a brass band. A band for a wedding is an extravagance in war time.

The fact that the bridegroom will be outfitted by the largest firm in North America does not preclude his receiving accessories of one sort and another made by the folks at home. As any one who owns an automobile knows, accessories are practically endless and consist of anything the immediate usefulness of which is not apparent. There are accessories before and after the fact, whether the fact be the purchase of a sixteen cylinder gadabout or entry into the military service of the United States. The greatest peril to MARY'S prospective husband is not, however, the lists of "Things Your Soldier Boy Will Appreciate," compiled on an assumption, and a doubtful one at that. His future peace and comfort are mainly jeopardied by JANE'S passion for knitting. She has nearly completed an outdoor sleeping suit which will make her intended brother-in-law resemble a well to do Eskimo rather than a private, U. S. N. A.

While the impending wedding engrosses the minds and fingers of MARY, JANE and their mother, JOHN, GEORGE, JOSEPH and their father are at odds over large questions of production and supply. The parent is a farmer, JOHN is working for Mr HOOVER down in Washington, GEORGE is a contractor's man in charge of cantonment construction, and JOSEPH is raising sheep in Texas. Mr. —— put in a large crop of wheat and another of potatoes. His wheat came out rather poorly and the price set by the Government won't give him much of a profit. He is patriotic enough not to mind this, since he has added to the amount of wheat in the country—the main thing. But the money to pay for his subscription to the next Liberty Loan will have to come out of the potatoes. He is afraid the potato price will go below $1 a bushel. It cost him $125 an acre to plant them, and the crop averages 250 bushels to the acre. Well, that's all right if the price stays at $1 a bushel. Can't JOHN suggest to Mr. HOOVER that the price of potatoes be stabilized at that amount? JOHN'S replies are evasive and his father is just a little disgruntled in consequence.

GEORGE has had a serious row with his father because, under the spur of haste, he has paid common laborers from $5 to $8 a day in building the cantonment not many miles away. Mr. —— found it impossible to compete with this wage scale in getting farm help. He spoke to GEORGE about it and they had some words, but after the cantonment is finished and the harvest is in it will blow over.

From JOSEPH have come several scathing letters. He wrote from his sheep range to JOHN, asking if the Government was going to neglect sheep. JOSEPH wanted to know if clothing to wear wasn't as important as food to eat. An epistolary mention of the outdoor sleeping suit caused JOSEPH to indite a regrettable letter to his younger sister telling her that it was girls like her who were wasting the visible supply of wool. JANE'S answer—she had always depreciated JOSEPH as a sheep raiser—was brief. She wrote:

"Much cry and little wool."

What of Mrs. ——? The poor woman is having a hard time as family mediator and arbitrator, a rôle which she has had to fill, like all women, from the time she became a mother. Added to the delicate task of bringing about daily peace by understanding with no annexations and no indemnities, but with restitution and reparation and guarantees for the future—added to this are all her war functions. She is a member of the Red Cross and makes surgical dressings. She cans and preserves and serves butter in one-third ounce portions. She helps her husband in the outdoor work of the farm as a demonstration of woman's utility in war time. She knits. She has joined a "Take a Soldier Home to Dinner" movement and once or twice a week seats at her table some bashful youth from the neighboring cantonment. She is on a committee to help provide visiting soldiers with healthful recreation. She watches the kitchen for waste. She does other things in spare moments. At present she is taking a census or inventory of the farm's resources in foodstuffs. Nobody will ever be able to take an inventory of her activities.

The ——s have gone into action. Those who know them do not think of them as especially engaged. Every one else, pretty nearly, is doing the same things, or some of the same things, and others equally eager, well meant, occasionally misdirected but mostly of value in winning the war. Like the millions of their fellow Americans who have been ordered into action and have gone with relish the ——s think of their enterprises only in terms of winning the war. They don't realize that what they are getting is a combined mental, physical and spiritual training, a kind of splendid series of setting up exercises of inestimable worth to them the rest of their lives. Though they never stop to think of it, winning the war is the most effective way of preparing for peace.

Do We Want Jamaica?

The report in Washington that before the close of the war the United States might purchase from Great Britain certain of the latter's possessions in Central or South America naturally arouses some speculation as to what specific possessions are under consideration.

If the report is taken to exclude the island possessions in the Caribbean or Atlantic, as it apparently does, it can refer only to British Guiana, on the northern coast of South America, or to British Honduras. The former could be of no imaginable use to the United States. Indeed, it is of little value to Great Britain, its governmental expenditures exceeding its revenues annually by a substantial amount, which, however, in the first months of 1915 showed signs of a decrease. British Honduras possesses little value to the United States except in the minds of those who see the Panama Zone in time the southern boundary to the Great Republic. Like Guiana, its revenues present a continuous deficit; its trade with the United States is thrice that with Great Britain, and its climate is almost unendurable to men of the Caucasian race.

It is more probable that if there be any tentative propositions under consideration for the sale of any British possession to the United States they involve the island of Jamaica. To us this would be of great value as a base for the protection of the Panama Canal. Its trade, largely in sugar and bananas, is now chiefly with the United States, and its planters have long been bitter in their condemnation of the policy of the imperial Government, which has denied them encouragement to trade with the mother country. Sentiment for annexation to the United States has long been rife and openly expressed at the capital, Kingston, and unless the war brought a change of British policy it is probable that the transfer of the island to United States ownership would be generally applauded.

A super-Hoover would have mobilized the 20,000,000 discarded straw hats of yesterday for cattle feed.

If Congress does make that trip to the battle fronts we hope that Senator HARDWICK and some others will compare the state of England, with her troops fighting on foreign soil, with that of France, whose soldiers fight in their own territory.

New York seems indisposed to go out for target practice with Tammany Hall.

Sweden's protestations having come to naught, the cipher is forbidden her.

Ambitious Russian Generals will take their eyes off the stars and put their ears to the ground.

A dinner at $140 a cover is one at which the green corn is unlimited.

The Governor having dismissed the charges against the District Attorney, Mr. SWANN will run on his merits and not on his martyrdom.

KORNILOFF is a Napoleon who experienced Austerlitz and Waterloo under the same moon.

The most popular Russian opera is "A Life for the Czar," but a life for the Czar is something no impresario dares offer any longer.

Asking Senator VARDAMAN to resign this year is spectacular. Beating him for reelection next year will be practical common sense.

Count WRANGEL has left London without a row.

The beloved vagabond was first held in affectionate esteem when he gave a dinner at $140 a plate.

HINDENBURG says President WILSON has "succeeded in uniting the German people." We thought HINDENBURG had done that.

"Only fools think we shall ever give up Riga," cries a member of the German Reichstag. Precisely so. Only fools think Germany will ever give up Belgium, until driven out. That is why wise nations refuse to listen to her suggestions for peace until they have taken away her booty.

WHO PAID FOR THE MONITOR?

Trojans Demand That Two of Their Townsmen Have Proper Credit.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your editorial article of Saturday, September 8, under the heading "The Monitor and the Torpedoplane" presents important facts in THE SUN'S clear and vigorous style, but C. S. Bushnell of New Haven, Conn., was one of three men instead of the only man who stood for the cost of the Monitor, and the Navy Department was not as stolid in its opposition to the project, thanks to President Lincoln, as your article indicated.

Here is the historical story of the Monitor as given to Troy and Trojans, and as recalled by some of the "boys" of the '60s who are still with us:

An instance of the high spirit of patriotism which pervaded the hearts of Trojans in those stirring days was seen in the successful efforts of John A. Griswold and John F. Winslow, both of Troy, to obtain for Captain John Ericsson the contract for the construction of the famed ironclad Monitor, and, in conjunction with Cornelius S. Bushnell of New Haven, by their assuming the responsibility of guaranteeing the Government against all loss in the event of that vessel proving unserviceable in any manner. After the hazardous experiment with the Monitor had been tried in Hampton Roads, and that remarkable addition to the Union navy had been proved a success, it was conceded on all sides that the vessel would never have been constructed had it not been for the indefatigable efforts of the two Troy men, who from the start were determined to allow no failures to discourage them so long as their resources were not exhausted.

August 7, 1861, the Navy Department advertised for bids for the construction of one or more ironclad war vessels. In response thereto C. S. Bushnell & Co. of New Haven submitted plans and specifications for an ironclad gunboat, the Galena. These plans did not meet the requirements, in the eyes of the representatives of the Government, and Mr. Bushnell went to New York to consult the distinguished engineer Captain Ericsson. The latter had already prepared a plan for a small but powerful floating battery, which he exhibited to Mr. Bushnell. The plan was then presented to the Government for consideration, but the authorities at the Navy Department ridiculed the idea that the unique vessel whose designs they had seen could be utilised to advantage in war. Not discouraged Mr. Bushnell consulted Mr. Griswold and Mr. Winslow by telegraph, with the result that the Troy gentlemen left for Washington September 3, 1861, with the determination to use all the influence at their command to further the plans of Captain Ericsson and Mr. Bushnell. After a study of the plans both the Troy gentlemen were convinced of the practicability of the proposed vessel and agreed to go before the naval board and endeavor to persuade that body to recommend making a contract for the construction of at least one. Commodore Smith, after an interview, discouraged the project, but they immediately visited President Lincoln. The latter agreed to look into the matter and the next day he attended a meeting of the board at the office of Commodore Smith, in conjunction with Mr. Griswold, Mr. Winslow and several officers of the Navy Department.

At this meeting Mr. Winslow described the novel manner in which the proposed vessel would operate, but even then few of those present appeared to look upon the project as practicable. Mr. Lincoln thought differently, however, and the next day Commodore Smith, much to the delight of Mr. Winslow, informed the latter that the naval board would recommend the construction of a battery according to Captain Ericsson's plans, provided the contractors should assume all the risk of the experiment. This was all that the Troy men desired, and both agreed to shoulder the responsibility, Mr. Griswold individually agreeing to see that the inventor should lose nothing. In the contract with the Government the three men who had thus befriended Captain Ericsson guaranteed that the vessel should be ready for sea in one hundred days from the date, October 4, 1861, and further, that should she fail as to speed or in the security or successful working of the turret and guns with safety to the vessel and the men in the turret, or in her buoyancy to float her battery properly, they would refund to the Government the amount of money advanced to carry on the work of construction. The contract was fulfilled and the famous battle was the result.

In bringing the foregoing to the attention of THE SUN, there is no desire to detract in the least from the noble and patriotic part taken by Mr. Bushnell in this epochal achievement, but he would have been the last to have excluded his Trojan associates from any of the credit due them. There was certainly glory enough in the event for them all. THOMAS H. CURRY.

TROY, September 14.

THE RICHNESS OF "POOR."

What Other Mild Adjective Carries So Much Contempt?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Pep in epithets derives from the adjective, not from the noun. That's why "damn" troubles so many tongues. Which end of "silly ass" waggles the ears? "Simp" and "boob" spill thin color without the adjectival blend. And of all the muscular tints which throw into relief the anæmic noun of insult none has such sheer prismatic grip as the weak little adjective "poor."

You may call a man "fool" and never budge his poise of vanity; indeed, there is almost a compliment, strong man bursting forth on strong man, force saluting force. But "poor fool"!

Thus "poor fish" sinks your opponent's fins to an abysm impenetrable by any slant of mercy. The phrase is quite without meaning, of course; "fish" connotes nothing at all. No, it is the adjective "poor" that devolves the meaning and packs the poison.

It results, therefore, so ready to pass the hemlock cruet is human nature, that with other deadly intensives of the adjective class this "poor" the best Borgias have always with them.

S. K. WILSON.

SWARTHMORE, Pa., September 13.

Read Your Own Dream.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Don't wait on fortune
And a sky of blue;
It's the true stroke toiler
Makes his dream come true!

GOLD AND SAND.

It is a perfectly established fact that Captain William Kidd, the pirate, stopped at Gardiner's Island, New York, and landing from the Quedagh Merchant left a certain treasure buried there, presenting Mrs. Gardiner with a bolt of fine calico. He was on his way to Boston and Execution Dock. This treasure was recovered by the authorities and Kidd was hanged by the neck until he was dead.

No evidence exists that he stopped the Quedagh Merchant at a point off Long Cove on the Great South Beach or Fire Island Beach and landed to bury treasure there. The place was all dug over years ago. Some of the digging was done at night, fearfully, for had not Kidd slain a gigantic sailor at the burial, and did not the sailor's ghost guard the chest on which his body had fallen?

A great, bald headed dune with a straight slope leading almost to the ocean shingle was the likely scene of the gold's interment. But it might have been east or west—one, two, most any number of miles. Beach landmarks shift so.

They shift overnight. The story has been related of that patient man who lived on the beach and let sea and wind do his treasure digging for him. After every storm he patrolled the shore. Tons of sand had been washed up here and blown away there. Eventually he found a jar. Breaking the wax seal, he pried out the stopper. A white mist rose quickly from the interior. But no djinn or genie assumed shape and bowed low before him. Within were a quart of doubloons, bright and shining. But these were not Kidd's, only the property of two minor pirates who made caches from Easthampton westward.

Jacob Holt took no stock in buried gold, although having been born and brought up on the south shore of Long Island he knew the beach and the stories pertaining thereto. He had beach had, it is true, fascinated him in his youth, and that seemed to those who knew him centuries ago. None of them remembered that as a boy he had taken his father's spade and dug among the dunes. Jacob Holt remembered it as something secret to be ashamed of. The beach was useful only because it formed a bay suited to the production of Blue Points. When he was forced to take a strip of it running from bay to ocean in payment of a bad debt he began to hate the sandy barrier.

He went on for years paying the infinitesimal taxes and accumulating a grudge in his heart. Then one day, rather magically, a community sprang up on the beach. The land on which it was developed adjoined his own. Within three years there were eighty houses, two stores, a church and a sewer system, with only a surveyor's line separating them from Jacob Holt's despised dunes. Mr. Holt jettisoned all hatred, had his property surveyed and subdivided into city lots and began selling the lots at several hundred dollars apiece. Eventually he would clear $40,000. The bad debt had been about $200.

Gradually a liking for the beach stirred in Jacob Holt. And partly as a matter of policy he decided to build him a house there. Selecting a couple of surf front lots, he set builders to work. His house must be rather better than the run of beach houses. A cellar was dug for it. In excavating a teakwood chest was uncovered.

The self-satisfied Mr. Holt contemplated with considerable amazement but little curiosity the variegated contents of the teakwood chest. The gold and the jewels wrongfully assembled by Captain Kidd he viewed with respect. The musty old papers he hardly looked at. They might interest antiquarians. He would not puzzle his head over them.

Still, the irony of the business pierced its way through one or two crevices into his consciousness. He had looked for this. So had a lot of other fools. He had overlooked the gold that lay in these sandhills about him. And a lot of other fools had done that too. One thing was certain: All of the contents of this box would not come to $40,000, or half that.

THE HEAD WAITER.

He Is Defended by One Who Says the Guest Is Not Always Right.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When education is needed in the ordinary usage of hotel life, then he who is lacking in such knowledge must perforce take his enlightenment from the head waiter, whom Mr. Wilson so much despises.

Surely the exhibition of a table card bearing the legend "Engaged," which so injured the sight of your correspondent, should be sufficient in itself to indicate that however strange it might appear to him there was a custom in vogue really to engage reservations in hotel and restaurant dining rooms, and his remedy was right there.

Had your Swarthmore correspondent made a reservation, understood the location and then found he was refused that particular table, he would have had just cause for complaint, and the head waiter who was to blame would have received a well merited rebuke from the management. There are many instances where the guest is not always right, and this is certainly one of them, however difficult it may be for Mr. Wilson to digest this recognized custom.

JACK BALL.

NEW YORK, September 18.

Puffs for Women!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Who are these pretenders, these counterfeit admirers and champions who would grant woman all joy, happiness and delight, and yet deny her the comfort and solace of tobacco? Listen to Charles Kingsley's panegyric:

"For when all things were made none was made better than tobacco. To be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep and a chilly man's fire."

Would any of these killjoys be willing to put a "wo" before each "man" above? If they did, they'd spell it "whoa."

J. C. KELLOGG.

ELIZABETH, N. J., September 15.

Where the Chinquapin Comes From.

From the Columbia State.

In and around Saluda, N. C., small boys and girls, too, are engaged as usual in harvesting the chinquapin crop, and that town is holding its place as the most important chinquapin market on earth.

The Missouri Home Guard.

From the Belton Herald.

Miss Morninglory Starbuck, booted and spurred, bestrides her palfrey no more. In khaki and a broad straw hat she is following the plough, turning the glebe preparatory to planting wheat.

QUEBEC, AN ANOMALY IN THE EMPIRE OF THE NORTH.

Ancient, Picturesque and Pleasing, in Some Respects the Province Has No More Relation to the Present Than Its Own Citadel.

When Jacques Cartier, in 1535, landed on the picturesque island of Hochelaga he found this poetic spot an encampment of savages. Eighty years later Champlain made the place a trading post and called it Place Royale. Thus, from 1642 up to 1763, all the territory surrounding Place Royale, and reaching beyond in a vague way, was known as belonging to France, until Louis, King of France, under the treaty of Paris, ceded the land and its inhabitants to Great Britain. Quebec is supposedly a British province, but antiquity itself denies this; for the laws, customs and religion brought over from France prevail here. The original settlers brought with them to this new France two fundamental principles—religious fervor and homeland love. To prove this they brought the roots of the Normandy poplars and they set them in the soil, with prayers and ritualistic form, and from these very poplars you still breathe the air of Normandy.

Once upon a time the province of Quebec had a nobility of its own. Its original people were of the best blood of old France. Perhaps, had not religion been permeated by politics—or politics been permeated by religion—the ancient capital had remained impregnable in spirit as it stands to-day impregnable in its fortifications of a material kind; but the days of the old régime have disappeared. A blight seems to have fallen upon fair Quebec, for at this hour the province is torn asunder by racial and political hate.

Throughout rural Quebec you find a simplicity as sweet as that of ancient days, but that is where politics have not yet invaded the quiet habitant life. This is in the little villages of the province, where the parish church is the gate to heaven and where the blessing of the crops is still an annual event; where the mass is celebrated in the open air in spring time, when the curé invokes divine aid in the growing of the seeds; where masses are ordered for rain, for fair weather, for a man child, for relief from epidemics, for "the intention" of a church member, and where the Angelus rings three times every day, and men and women cross themselves when passing a church.

Everywhere you go throughout Quebec you find the big church with the high spire and the small home with the large family. There is no race suicide in the province of Quebec: indeed the people's governing body provides rich rewards for large families. Here is one instance:

Jacques Gibault and Rosalie Forest married in 1287. Seventeen children were born of that union. From the seventeen came 136 grandchildren and 284 great-grandchildren. In 1911 there were fifteen great-great-grandchildren, the youngest being 5 years old. The children of Jacques and Rosalie had eleven, fourteen, nine, sixteen and eighteen children respectively, the last having ten by one and eight by a second marriage, and the fourteenth child of Jacques and Rosalie actually gave birth to seventeen children!

Two million population finds itself somewhat hampered by geographical limitations. Quebec wants room to grow; it is the one province in all Canada which does not invite emigrants from other countries. For a century and a half the fleur de lis waved from the Heights of Abraham. A dream there was that Quebec should rule Canada, that the seat of power of old France should be set upon those historic heights, that the temporal as well as the spiritual power of the Church should prevail, that the customs and language of old France should here survive.

Quebec has done much to preserve its ideals. It has given to us the poet and the historian; it has preserved the handicrafts in the loom and the spinning wheel; capable French fingers give to us the beautiful home-spun cloth from the sheep's wool, and basketry and bead embroidery, with canoe making, are still carried on; but, alas! where once the native vegetable dyes made the homespun cloth priceless, now aniline colors are brought into use and the machine is proving the guillotine of older industry.

Quebec has given to the world no "Marseillaise," but the chansons of the hills and valleys still resound. The habitant remains a perfect silhouette against the background of the past and you will find him at work among the cabbages, surrounded by his grandchildren, contentedly smoking his pipe, leaving everything to le bon Dieu (represented by the curé), or you will meet him in town, driving a disreputable nag attached to a calèche, taking dangerous corners to pick out for the visitor the old historic places he is so proud of. The habitant does not read the papers. He goes to church, to confession; he marries as monsieur le curé advises, he votes as monsieur le curé recommends; he is born, marries and dies in the little village his grandfather was born in, and he is possessed of a faith which the angels in heaven might envy, but he belongs to Quebec, and outside of Quebec is Canada.

THE SEX OF ANGELS.

Swedenborg's Theory as a Middle Ground in the Discussion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I was interested in THE SUN'S editorial article which told of the Detroit Judge who ordered a sculptor of that city to transform "a fat male angel into a slim female angel." You quote sculptor Gutzon Borglum as saying, "I believe there is no sex in an angel." It may be interesting to your readers to learn that Baron Emanuel Swedenborg, a noted philosopher and scientist of Sweden, claimed to have been introduced into the spiritual world, and he describes the angels as pairs; that is, the male angel and his female consort are one angel. It seems that every male has as his counterpart or better half a female, and these two make a one. They are never separated and one speaks through the other. Swedenborg, who was a very observant narrator, claims the man is not complete. The male represents the reasoning faculty and the female the affectionate faculty, and these two are not separated in the other life. This is what Jesus referred to when He said "they twain shall be one flesh."

I recognize that Swedenborg's idea makes it difficult for our brother sculptors, but as he lived and wrote about one hundred and fifty years ago they have had ample time to correct their erroneous ways. So the Detroit Judge can also take notice.

FRED S. MATER.

BALTIMORE, September 14.

THE TOURISTS' PARADE.

Variety of License Plates Sported by Strangers Within Our Gates.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On Fifth avenue yesterday, from Forty-second to Fifty-fifth street and between 12:30 and 12:55 o'clock, I sighted cars bearing licenses of the following States:

New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Iowa and Texas.

Perhaps if I had tarried a little longer I would have spotted cars from the eight remaining States east of the Mississippi.

Perhaps some other SUN reader can beat this record, but it seems to me the above is a pretty good average for twenty-five minutes.

MILTON E. GILES.

NEW YORK, September 15.

California Patient's Gloomy Prospects.

From the Squaw Creek Item.

Hank Moss, the recipient of last week's accident at the hands of Preface Charley's stage coach, has been placed under the care of Doc Peter, and it is safe to say he will lose at least an eye and one ear.

Westward!

(In the terminology of the trenches "He went West" means "He died.")

Crimson the trail that westward runs
From the shot swept sky and the flaming guns,
From the haunts where death keeps vigil still
With fiery breath and steel's hot will.

Crimson the trail to the sunset far,
Countless the feet on the pathway are;
Westward is peace beyond the din
Where the gray ranks meet in the dawn mist thin.

Crimson the trail to the quiet skies
Where the great guns' threat into silence dies,
Where wounds are healed with a holy balm
And the fevered rest in a slumber calm.

Glorious the trail that the brave heart takes—
Though love behind knows the old heartaches—
Over the hills where the sun goes down
To vales eternal of bright renown!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

A LION AT THE CAPITAL.

Something in the Washington Air Changes His Hide and Skull.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15.—Lions which have passed their lives in the shelter and confinement of a zoological park become radically different, both in external appearance and in the shape of the skull, from their brothers roaming free in the wilds of Africa, says Mr. Hollister, superintendent of the National Zoological Park under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, in a recent publication of the United States National Museum. Mr. Hollister drew this conclusion after examining fifty-nine specimens of Felis leo massaica, a subspecies of lion from East Africa, preserved in the National Museum, fifty-four of which had been wild killed and five of which had died in captivity at the National Zoological Park. These five park reared animals had definite and complete records. They were captured near Nairobi, British East Africa, and comparisons of skins and skulls were made with specimens of equal age, killed in the same vicinity. All chance of error from the use of park animals of unknown origin, which might be crosses of different subspecies bred in captivity, or specimens of wild forms not represented in the museum collections, is thus eliminated. The wild killed animals were collected chiefly by Dr. W. L. Abbott, John Jay White, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt, Paul J. Rainey and Edmund Heller. The specimens from the National Zoological Park were presented to the park as young animals by W. T. McMillan.

The most conspicuous external characteristics which distinguish the park reared animals from the wild lions of the same age and from the same region are much darker color, more luxuriant mane and much longer hair tufts on the back of elbows. When the McMillan lions appeared at the park their coats were pale grayish buff coloration was remarked as particularly beautiful in the men at the park had been accustomed to the much darker lions already in captivity. When, after the death of the animals, the skins reached the museum the great darkening of the general color since their arrival was at once noted. The degree of color change was in direct relation to the period of life in Washington. Two of the McMillan lions were males and three females, the females averaging somewhat darker in color than the males. The skin of one of the female lions which lived for five years in the park turned so dark that at a short distance it gave the appearance of a blackish tawny animal. The manes and tufts of hair on the backs of the elbows of all the captive lions were much longer, more silky and more luxuriant buff in color than in wild killed animals.

In view of the success of Mr. Beebe's experiments in increasing the pigmentation in birds by confinement in a more humid atmosphere, it would perhaps seem unnecessary to go beyond the theory that the humid climate of Washington acted in a similar manner on these lions from the highlands of East Africa greatly to darken the color of the skin.

In the skull the changes wrought by captivity are even greater. The skulls of the captive lions are broader and shorter, more massive and bulky, and show many relative differences which in wild animals would be instantly accepted as sufficient evidence on which to base a new species. The obvious reason for these great differences is that the principal muscles operating the jaws and neck—those muscles used by the wild lion in mauling and killing prey, biting, gripping and shaking—have had little influence on the shape of the skull bones during development. In the captive reared lion these powerful muscles act naturally and in a normal way upon the growing skull, particularly in the regions of their attachment.